

The Pilgrim Fathers.

More than two centuries have passed since a band of brave and determined men sought a home among the hills of bleak New England.

Driven from their homes by persecution, they welcomed even our cold northern blasts. could they but enjoy the privileges of civil and religious liberty.

Here, in our own New England, were planted and nurtured the first germs of that liberty which was destined to spread over this whole land - a precious legacy to all the inhabitants thereof.

Who can count the hardships and privations, the disappointments and trials they endured for us, their posterity. Alone did they encounter the wild

beasts of the forest: alone did they go forth and defend themselves from savage cunning.

(1) During those years of their weakness they were neglected by the Mother Country; (1) yet, they grew and were prospered; their fields of golden corn waved in the (1) breeze; and they were becoming powerful: (c) this theelfish eye of the Mother England* could not fail to detect.

Now, nearly a century and a half had passed, when their fields, so rich and so pleasant, became the fields of strife, of carnage, and of blood. Then every true lover of liberty buckled on his armor anew, and went forth to the fight.

What daring deeds, what bravery and courage has history recorded. "They fought fair liberty, for thee, they fell - to die is to be free." Coming forth from the conflict, they were even more prospered than before. The vast forests soon disappeared, and, in their places, we see flourishing cities and

towns; the hum of business is heard; the busy crowds hurrying to and fro give an air of importance to the place. We see this nation, which was established with so much difficulty, now standing among the first of the nations of the earth. How would our fathers have rejoiced could they have seen this prosperity -

But, O History! no longer can thy hand these pleasant events and dwell only on prosperity and happiness of the people; now, a sadder task is thine; stories of hunger, distress, want and direful war. May you soon leave these bitter scenes, for the record of a peaceful and happy people, "keeping the truth".

Composition.

Emma F. Peabody.

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Duk 28.

Ex. Miss O'Donnell